

## HON. JAMES L. NORRIS

And His Magnificent Fight for  
National Committeeman.

## CORRESPONDENCE WITH JONES

The Evidence Furnished the National Chairman  
Which He has so far Ignored—Biographical  
Sketch of the Nery Leader of the District  
Democracy—His Many Interests and Great  
Public Spirit.

The Democratic National Committee, July 2, 1900, at Kansas City, designated—  
Hon. Urey Woodson, of Kentucky,  
Hon. True L. Norris, of New Hampshire,  
Hon. H. B. Paul, of New Jersey,  
Hon. J. M. Clancy, of Wisconsin, and  
Hon. John Overmeyer, of Indiana, as a sub-committee to hear the contest presented from the District of Columbia, which committee unanimously reported its decision in favor of seating what is known as the "Norris Regular Democratic National Convention" to the Democratic National Committee, which committee, July 3, 1900, unanimously confirmed the action of its sub-committee.

The Credentials Committee divided the vote of the delegations. The convention passed a resolution, July 3, 1900, referring the matter of national committee for the District of Columbia to the Democratic National Committee.

The Democratic National Committee, on July 6th, named a sub-committee to determine the matter. The sub-committee consists of the following members of the Democratic National Committee:

Hon. James K. Jones, of Arkansas.  
Hon. W. J. Stone, of Missouri.  
Hon. Thomas F. Taggart, of Indiana.  
Hon. Thomas Gahan, of Illinois.  
Hon. N. C. Blanchard, of Louisiana.  
Hon. Timothy E. Ryan, of Wisconsin.

This committee is unanimously of opinion that Hon. James L. Norris is the regular Democratic national committeeman from the District of Columbia, but despite the meeting in Indianapolis for the declaration of this opinion, Hon. James K. Jones manipulated matters so as to present the formality of the official announcement, although, as a matter of fact, Mr. Norris is a bona fide member of the National Committee, Jones or no Jones.

There is a whole distressing history behind this obnoxious, stubbornness, or cranky position of the National Chairman. Without going deeper into the matter than the surface, the SYNDAR Globe, in the following condensed epitome of the matter, places Mr. Jones in a position where no man aspiring to be a leader and an unprejudiced chairman of a great party would like to be placed.

In response to a letter from Mr. Jones, and supplementary to the answer sent him by Mr. Norris, that gentleman, on July 25, 1900, forwarded the following to the National Chairman:

"Washington, D. C., July 25, 1900.  
"Hon. James K. Jones,  
"Chairman, Democratic National Committee, Chicago, Ill.  
"Dear Senator Jones:

"I enclose you will please find a letter addressed to you signed by the five delegates who were elected at our city convention, April 12, 1900, along with myself, making the entire delegation of six members, as provided for by the Democratic National Committee.

"These five delegates, Messrs. J. Fred Kelley, William F. Hart, William T. Whelan, William J. Donovan and John A. Clarke, commend me to the Democratic National Committee as their choice for National Committeeman for the District of Columbia on the Democratic National Convention.

"Please consider the same at your convenience.  
"Very truly yours,  
"JAMES L. NORRIS."

The following is the letter referred to by Mr. Norris:  
"Washington, D. C., July 20, 1900.  
"To HON. JAMES K. JONES, Chairman, Democratic National Committee, Chicago, Ill.  
"On April 12, 1900, the city Democratic convention of the District of Columbia, consisting of sixty-six delegates and sixty-six substitutes, being three delegates and three alternates from each of the twenty-two legislative districts in the District, elected us as delegates to the Kansas City Democratic convention. Following out the wishes of the convention, as well as the unanimous desire of the delegates, we selected and recommended Mr. James L. Norris, of this city, to the Democratic National Convention as National Committeeman for the District of Columbia. His name was accordingly presented to the convention and accepted. After this the matter was referred to the Democratic National Committee, and we hereby request our recommendation to the Democratic National Committee that Mr. James L. Norris be selected as National Committeeman for the District of Columbia, and be trusted our selection and recommendation will be accepted by the National Committee.

We know Mr. Norris is worthy of that honor, and that it would be very gratifying to the Democrats of the District to see him placed in that position.

We were selected as delegates to the Kansas City convention along with Mr. Norris, by our city convention, by a practically unanimous vote. The convention desiring to emphasize its faith and confidence in Mr. Norris, made his selection unanimous both by voice and by a rising vote.

"We trust our request will be granted, and the District Democracy represented by Mr. Norris on the National Committee.  
"Very respectfully yours,  
"J. FRED KELLEY,  
"WILLIAM F. HART,  
"WILLIAM T. WHELAN,  
"WILLIAM J. DONOVAN,  
"JOHN A. CLARKE."

Here follows the letter of the District chairman:  
"WASHINGTON, D. C., July 20, 1900.  
"To HON. JAMES K. JONES,  
"Chairman, Democratic National Committee, Chicago, Ill.  
"Dear Sir: We, the undersigned, being the regularly elected chairman of twenty-one of the twenty-two Democratic legislative districts of the District of Columbia, constituting twenty-one out of the twenty-two members that compose the Democratic National Committee of the District of Columbia, do most respectfully recommend and urgently request that Mr. James L.

Norris, of this city and District, be selected as Democratic National Committeeman for the District of Columbia.

"We would further represent that the selection of Mr. Norris for this position would be of great service to our party and give general satisfaction to a vast majority of the Democrats of this District.

"HENRY DARLING, M. D.,  
"Member of the Democratic Central Committee  
"for the 2d Legislative Dist.

"JOHN J. HORGAN,  
"Member of the Democratic Central Committee  
"for the 3d Legislative Dist.

"C. D. HOOD,  
"Member of the Democratic Central Committee  
"for the 4th Legislative Dist.

"T. L. CONNOR,  
"Member of the Democratic Central Committee  
"for the 5th Legislative Dist.

"JOHN W. THOMAS,  
"Member of the Democratic Central Committee  
"for the 6th Legislative Dist.

"JOHN S. MILLER,  
"Member of the Democratic Central Committee  
"for the 7th Legislative Dist.

"WASH. B. NALOR,  
"Member of the Democratic Central Committee  
"for the 8th Legislative Dist.

"D. W. HANCOCK,  
"Member of the Democratic Central Committee  
"for the 9th Legislative Dist.

"WM. T. HOLZMAN,  
"Member of the Democratic Central Committee  
"for the 10th Legislative Dist.

"WM. T. WIELAN,  
"Member of the Democratic Central Committee  
"for the 11th Legislative Dist.

"M. B. SCANLON,  
"Member of the Democratic Central Committee  
"for the 12th Legislative Dist.

"J. FRED KELLEY,  
"Member of the Democratic Central Committee  
"for the 13th Legislative Dist.

"P. J. MCQUADE,  
"Member of the Democratic Central Committee  
"for the 14th Legislative Dist.

"M. J. MCCARTHY,  
"Member of the Democratic Central Committee  
"for the 15th Legislative Dist.

"JOHN A. CLARKE,  
"Member of the Democratic Central Committee  
"for the 16th Legislative Dist.

"THOMAS F. HOLDEN,  
"Member of the Democratic Central Committee  
"for the 17th Legislative Dist.

"RICHARD RYAN,  
"Member of the Democratic Central Committee  
"for the 18th Legislative Dist.

"T. A. BASSINGTON,  
"Member of the Democratic Central Committee  
"for the 19th Legislative Dist.

"EDWARD LYNCH,  
"Member of the Democratic Central Committee  
"for the 20th Legislative Dist.

"B. A. McDONNELL,  
"Member of the Democratic Central Committee  
"for the 21st Legislative Dist.

"The Globe deems it proper and judicious to publish this matter, that it may be more generally known, not only to its thousands of readers in the District of Columbia, but to the thousands of Democrats outside this District, who have been confused and deceived by the course of the National Chairman.

That the latter class may know the character of the gentleman Mr. Jones is thus so unexplainably treating as if he were a mere nobody, we print the following condensed biography of Hon. James L. Norris, member of the National Committee for the District of Columbia:

He was born in Washington City, District of Columbia, on October 15, 1846, and received his education at the Evergreen Institute in that city, and at Dickinson College. He is the son of the late John E. Norris, who was a lawyer of distinction and ability, and a politician of prominence. He read law with his father and Judge Grey, and then entered the United States Patent Office, serving as an examiner of patents. He resigned from the public service in 1869, commenced the practice of patent law, and has an extensive business in this and foreign countries.

On the death of his father, in 1867, for many years he had been president of the Jackson Democratic Association of the District of Columbia, next to famous Tammany the oldest political organization existing in the United States, he was unanimously elected to the Fifteenth, Fifteenth, second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth Congresses. In March, 1892, he was elected a delegate to the National Democratic Convention in Chicago, which nominated Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Stevenson, he voting for both nominees.

He received at the convention held in Washington City, in 1892, the largest number of votes for the delegates that were cast for the many aspirants for the position as delegate to the Chicago Convention. He was made National Committeeman for the District of Columbia. He, as National Committeeman, in 1892, organized the Advisory Committee of the Democratic National Committee for the District of Columbia.

During the campaign of Cleveland and Thurman, in 1888, he was selected by the Democratic National Committee as its Advisory Committeeman for the District of Columbia. He was elected by the joint Democratic caucus of the Senate and of the House of Representatives as the representative for the District of Columbia to the Democratic Congressional Committee, and as its treasurer during the sessions of the Fifteenth, Fifteenth, second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth Congresses. In March, 1892, he was elected a delegate to the National Democratic Convention in Chicago, which nominated Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Stevenson, he voting for both nominees.

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Park, and his colleagues made him Chairman of the Commission.

Mr. Norris is a director and vice-president of the National Bank of Washington, having previously served for many years as a director of the National Bank of the Republic. He is likewise a director and vice-president of the Franklin Fire Insurance Company, one of the members of the board of managers of the famous Oak Hill Cemetery, director in the Children's Hospital, and connected with many other financial and charitable institutions in the District of Columbia.

No gentleman resident of the Capital City deserves a higher reputation for conscientious discharge of professional duty, devotion to the principles of the Democratic party, and in 1896 and 1900 he labored incessantly for the election of Bryan to the Presidency.

## AN OLD CALIFORNIAN.

Tells Some of His Experiences in  
the Golden State.

When I look back through the vista of the past and reflect what good times we once had on the Pacific Coast, it makes me wish I were a boy again, if only for one night," said Col. Jack Benson, an old time miner, of California. "Those were golden days in every sense, not only the shining metal, but everything was shining. It was a young man as the precious dust and nuggets we sought to find. The comforts of eastern home life were not expected in a new country. We had to endure the privations of pioneers, and enjoyed the conditions as we found them, making the best of life we could. My father with his family moved from Maryland to California and located on a ranch. When on the farm, as a boy, I learned to swing the ax, drive the pick, and guide the plow, as my father, and I grew up with the country. After the discovery of gold we soon had an immense population, composed of all kinds of races, and nationalities representing all stations and conditions of life, from the most refined and intelligent gentleman to the roughest brig and that ever disgraced a village. When I reached mature manhood I went to live in San Francisco, to engage in mine speculation. There I was thrown with good people. I had a great weakness to the rough times, being alone in the world. I usually spent my evenings at the theatre. Speaking of theatres reminds me of Charles Thorn, the actor, when he lost his theatre and money by fire. He sought to regain his loss in California. At the time Tom McGuire was called the amusement King of the Pacific Coast. Thorn opened the Metropolitan Theatre in opposition to McGuire. He organized a stock company composed of the following persons: J. B. Booth, a brother of William Booth, who was the first of the famous Booths; Ed Poncort, Julia Dean Hale, James Stark, and wife, James Buchanan and daughter, Jim Wheatley, Thayer Thompson, and Sally Hinkley, who made a fortune on the stage. The name of the company was the 'Booths' and they were a bright young woman. She took a benefit at the Metropolitan Theatre one night, appearing in the character of 'Auntie' creating a great sensation. It was kept on and started for the theatre to crowded houses. Grant, the rich stockholder of San Francisco, bought a thousand dollar's worth of tickets, General Negley seventeen hundred dollar's worth, a young man by the name of Logan took two thousand dollar's worth, and each man tore up the tickets, in order to swell the receipts for Emily Thorn's benefit. From that night she took a start as a star. She came east, and while in Chicago she met John Chamberlain, the famous hotel caterer, who married her. Mrs. Chamberlain and Agnes Perry Booth are the only two of the old Frisco stock company living. I was at the Capitol the other day, and heard the name of Thorn. I replied that I knew the name of Charles R. Thorn. 'Why,' said the young man, 'you are coming close to my home. He was my grandfather.' The old actor died some years ago. Tom McGuire came east, and died in poverty. 'Yes,' concluded the young man, 'I am a miner, and I will not be long before I shall soon cross the divide to meet those I knew in those golden days in California, where the wicked cease from trouble and the weary are at rest.'

Has the Republican Party Degenerated?  
We print the following condensation of an article in the May Gunton's Magazine on Party Degeneracy mainly because the writer, Fred George Gunton, has long been a conspicuous advocate of protection, and we believe, Republican policies generally:

Political parties come into existence for the purpose of incorporating certain ideas into the public policy of the nation. So long as a party is vitalized by an idea, which the majority or not, it is usually clean and aggressive. On the other hand, it is as natural as for the seasons to follow each other that political parties will sterilize and decline in character and influence in proportion as moral ideas and vital principles cease to be their controlling motives.

The Republican party appears to be nearing, if it has not already reached this stage. When it was born, in 1856, it came with a mission. Inspired with the moral and political righteousness of its policy, it neither wavered nor weakened, but rose to the occasion with every increase of responsibility. It then commanded the endorsement and admiration of the best minds of every race and every nation. It was the title of "the party of moral ideas" that saved the union, blotted out slavery, and made the United States a nation. Under its leadership for a quarter of a century the nation experienced unparalleled industrial development and prosperity.

Here the Republican party reached the end of its program, and instead of developing in ideas and statesmanship commensurate with the progress of the country, it began to fossilize. It became self-satisfied and indifferent to the high principles it had made historic, and began to bask in the sunshine of office and rely on the favor of patronage for success.

On every hand the evidences are apparent that the Republican party has practically outlived its reputation as "the party of moral ideas," and is deteriorating into a party of moral indifference, political drift, and "boss" manipulation. It is rapidly losing the confidence of the nation. Republican cities have already begun to elect anti-Republican and even revolutionary administrations. It may with truth be said that the Democratic party is not any better, but this will not serve to stem the tide.

## THE SKIN AND HAIR

The Globe Details an Experience  
in search of a Salve.

## LADIES WITH MUSTACHES

And How the "Cure" is as Bad as the Disease  
when they try to Remove them—Curious Information Picked Up at the Drug Stores which Upsets the Popular Notion Concerning "Envelopes" and Hirsute Appendages.

All who suffered from the heat in Washington last summer, and their name is legion, may or may not have had the experience which the Globe man went through with an eruption of the skin, so thick and close that the point of a pin could not find surface clear enough to prick. We were covered with rash or red pimples from our forehead to our ankles, and we believe that even the soles of our feet were similarly affected. This unusual condition of our "envelopes" led us to study the subject of the "why and the wherefore," and whether it was better to have rash come out than go inward," as the old saying has it. Our investigation, which was, at first, confined to the so-called "prickly heat" or rash, extended into the causes of skin disease in general, and very curious were the results. The investigation was constitutionally opposed to "aiding our light under a bushel" on any subject we have knowledge of—or think we have—we present our readers with the information obtained.

In our pilgrimage through the vale of tears, we have found nothing so comforting as to be able to point out that most of the things people are sure of are all nonsense. We are confident that this pleasure must be a thing of beauty because it is a joy forever, if you only go deep enough into the nature of things to discover that the popular notion of it is wholly wrong. It is an unshaken article of belief with most people that skin diseases are almost always catching; that "the blood is bad," that you must be careful of your diet, and that the patient will die, if nothing more, and that a boil is worth \$5 in doctor's bills saved. They are all wrong, testotally wrong on the very best medical authority. Not more than two or three of the hundred or so skin diseases catalogued in our books are contagious, and the chances are that the eruption is as innocent and as innocuous as a cold. If there is such a thing as "bad blood" medicine has not found it out. Next to nothing is known in regard to the condition of blood in disease. Chemical and microscopic analysis has utterly failed to show that there is any difference between the blood in health and the blood in cutaneous disorders. Certain of them are systems of nervous breakdown, and imperfect digestion causes others. The perfect digestion causes others. The perfect digestion causes others.

It may be interesting to know that one perspires more on the right side of the body than on the left, and that the skin of the palms of the hands is four times as thick as the skin of the back. The pores in the skin of the back are many as 3,000 to the square inch. They are scarcely 400 to the square inch. These pores are not simple holes or perforations in the hide, as some imagine, but are little pockets lined with the same epithelium or pavement stuff that covers the external surface of the skin. They are the external end of the deepest structure of the skin, and there they sink up and coil around until they look like a fishing line that has been thrown down well. Enclosed in this knot are little veins that leak the perspiration out of the skin, and it is this that we call sweat. It is estimated that the average-sized man has 7,000,000 of these sweat glands aggregating 28 miles of tubing. Think of it! Twenty-eight miles if all those tiny tubes could be straightened out and put end to end!

The skin has so many duties that it is perfectly amazing to think of them. It is an organ of respiration, like the lungs. Its products are exactly the same, carbonic acid gas and water. The difference is in the proportion. The skin throws off nearly twice as much as the lungs, or in the proportion of nine to five. This is what kills off the savages so rapidly that have had the fog light. The missionaries put clothes on them, and that stifles the breathing of the skin. The lungs have two-thirds more work than they are accustomed to do and break down under the strain. There are plenty of recorded cases where persons with pulmonary complaints have attained perfect, rude health with one lung gone by going about clad in the garment of space only.

And all this and much more information of like character was absorbed through our skin while patronizing the drug stores of the city last summer in search of ointments, salves and nostrums to "cure" the rash which disfigured us, and which disappeared of itself when the cause was removed—and the cause, gentle reader, was simply the heat! When the mercury climbed down to 76 instead of up to 100 degrees, we had a variety of salves and ointments laid over, and it is to save you from doing likewise the present summer that this article is written.

Leave your skin alone; it knows its own business best.

A Remarkable Woman.  
The Marquise de Gallifet, who died the other day in Paris, was a remarkable woman in her time, and her death breaks a link with the most brilliant days of the French empire. She was the Marquise de Gallifet, Princess de Sagan, the most dashing and daring social lights at the third Napoleon's court. Mme. de Gallifet was known as "Comtesse O Tempora O Mores," a nickname bestowed upon her by Quatre-vingt-trois, the society published in La Vie Parisienne. She was the most beautiful and most original of the trio of fashion leaders.

Princess de Sagan was the wealthiest and the most powerful woman in France. Her motto was "Think not of the morrow," and the Marquise put it into practice so well that one day in the midst of her gay doings she found herself with 40 francs in all the world. Poverty and hardships were not pleasant things to contemplate for a lady who had such a good time in the world of fun and laughter as she had broken butterly decided to end her days with a sliver curtain cord. Just at this moment the Princess de Sagan arrived at the house of her friend, and carried her off, dead, and all. And it was at the home of the Princess, now the Duchesse de Sagan, that the once brilliant and beautiful woman died the other day.

out and you find it stuck fast on the soap dish or the stationary washbowl, wriggling with delight at your efforts to pick it off with your wet fingers.

It does not discourage a hair to be plucked out by the roots, as ladies who have a tendency to grow mustaches will bear this Globe out. It simply gets angry and comes in again, coarser than ever. That is because what keeps the hair going is something that can not very well be got at from the surface of the skin. It is a little papilla 1-180 of an inch long, away down at the bottom of the hair tube. Nothing that can be dabbed on the skin can get down there either to warm or help it. The only way to remove such hair is to make up your mind to spend money and to have an unpleasant time. Go to a physician and let him kill the growth of each hair with an electric needle. It will be like tattooing in its sensations.

It is not a bit funny to the girl to have her lip hurt so and then find out that in taking away the mustache that she might have shaved off every day she has left an artificial mustache that nothing can remove. It is really a serious matter, but we always want to laugh just the same.

The skin, being a secretory organ, all the fluids that promote the processes of life are within its province. Most of its secretion is an oily substance that keeps the epithelium and the hairs and glands pliable. The sebaceous glands always open into a few spots like the palms of the hands, the soles of the feet, the eyelids, and the first joints of the fingers, man is a hairy animal. He is covered with a little short fuzz called lanugo. It is called that because it is much more elegant to use Latin words where English will do just as well.

Beard appears to grow at the same rate, and to follow the same rules of personal contact as the hair of the head. So if a man began shaving when he was 16 and lives to be 70 years old he will have cut more than a little bit off the top. If he could keep in position all he has thrown away, a head of hair 35 feet long and beard 27 feet long, all in one bunch, would enable him to travel with a circus summer and sit in a store window to advertise a hair restorer in the winter.

The skin is the thickest on the back and thinnest on the eyelids. Most of the hair have the different layers pretty well connected together, but elastic skinned men that have no such connection are not unheard of. One Spaniard is said to have been able to draw out his skin 12 inches in any direction. This may be a little stretching, but it is little, but as usual with all such yarns there is the best medical authority for it.

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Beard appears to grow at the same rate, and to follow the same rules of personal contact as the hair of the head. So if a man began shaving when he was 16 and lives to be 70 years old he will have cut more than a little bit off the top. If he could keep in position all he has thrown away, a head of hair 35 feet long and beard 27 feet long, all in one bunch, would enable him to travel with a circus summer and sit in a store window to advertise a hair restorer in the winter.

The skin is the thickest on the back and thinnest on the eyelids. Most of the hair have the different layers pretty well connected together, but elastic skinned men that have no such connection are not unheard of. One Spaniard is said to have been able to draw out his skin 12 inches in any direction. This may be a little stretching, but it is little, but as usual with all such yarns there is the best medical authority for it.

It may be interesting to know that one perspires more on the right side of the body than on the left, and that the skin of the palms of the hands is four times as thick as the skin of the back. The pores in the skin of the back are many as 3,000 to the square inch. They are scarcely 400 to the square inch. These pores are not simple holes or perforations in the hide, as some imagine, but are little pockets lined with the same epithelium or pavement stuff that covers the external surface of the skin. They are the external end of the deepest structure of the skin, and there they sink up and coil around until they look like a fishing line that has been thrown down well. Enclosed in this knot are little veins that leak the perspiration out of the skin, and it is this that we call sweat. It is estimated that the average-sized man has 7,000,000 of these sweat glands aggregating 28 miles of tubing. Think of it! Twenty-eight miles if all those tiny tubes could be straightened out and put end to end!

The skin has so many duties that it is perfectly amazing to think of them. It is an organ of respiration, like the lungs. Its products are exactly the same, carbonic acid gas and water. The difference is in the proportion. The skin throws off nearly twice as much as the lungs, or in the proportion of nine to five. This is what kills off the savages so rapidly that have had the fog light. The missionaries put clothes on them, and that stifles the breathing of the skin. The lungs have two-thirds more work than they are accustomed to do and break down under the strain. There are plenty of recorded cases where persons with pulmonary complaints have attained perfect, rude health with one lung gone by going about clad in the garment of space only.

And all this and much more information of like character was absorbed through our skin while patronizing the drug stores of the city last summer in search of ointments, salves and nostrums to "cure" the rash which disfigured us, and which disappeared of itself when the cause was removed—and the cause, gentle reader, was simply the heat! When the mercury climbed down to 76 instead of up to 100 degrees, we had a variety of salves and ointments laid over, and it is to save you from doing likewise the present summer that this article is written.

Leave your skin alone; it knows its own business best.

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